Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu*?
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts fooliſh knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell begar I be friends. *(Exit omnes*

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he ſhuld come to my house,
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my gueſſe that comes to dinner,
And in good time ſee where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and ſir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you ſir, ſhe is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne*? *Pa.*

Pa. You haue ſonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maiſter Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Host. But what ſay you to yong Maiſter *Fenton*?
He capers, he daunces, he writes verſes, he ſmelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my cõsent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her ſimply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare Ile ſhew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me.
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*, and you Maiſter
Doctor. (two:

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I ſhal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I ſall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for ſhame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we ſhall haue the
Wooing at Maiſter *Pages:*

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Host Ile to my honeſt knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Miſtreſſe Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.

Miſ. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it?

Ser. I warrant you miſteris. *Exit ſeruant.*

Miſ. Ford